LISA

By MARY PAXTON

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He sat in the big carved chair, stupidly waiting for the coroner. There was none of the usual horror of a suicide—no rivulets of blood ending in live pools, no contortions of the face. Lisa lay on the great white bear rug as he had often seen her lie there, her face partly concealed by her arm. She wore a white half-fitted robe, and in the dim light sometimes he could scarcely see her at all except where her dark hair shone out vividly. Near her on the floor was a letter which he knew must have been written to him, but he let it lie there. As yet he was not curious.

He bent over her and sobbed and held the letter to his lips. Then he tore it open and strained his dim eyes over the sprawling letters:

"Dear old Pat," she had written. "Call me a coward if you want, but I am tired and nothing can be worse than these last days. I have not worked too hard. My eyes have been miserable. Perhaps work would have saved me from this despair which has made me end it. Ford Harvey is the reason, Ford Harvey with his mocking laugh and his haunting eyes. I love him, my killing myself will tell you how much, but I want you to make him suffer as I have suffered. He lied and I know now that he never loved me. I must have amused him, for my love was so frank. I won't live to be a bitter old woman, and I won't live without him. Find a way to maddden him as he has maddened me."

It was signed simply Lisa.

"Poor little sister, poor little Lisa," he murmured, "and I thought she was so happy. No, I must not shoot him. That it not what she means."

He stared at the portrait until the coroner was admitted. Then he looked up an address in the telephone directory and walked down the boulevard until he came to some stairs with a light at the entrance. He rang the bell and a man who was half dressed let him in. They stirred up the fire and Patton Ware told him in a few words what had happened. When Perreau read the note he turned to the other man and said almost joyously: "Thank God, I can serve her dead though I could not while she lived." Then he fell to weeping.

When he was calmer they talked until morning. Then Perreau packed his bag and went out with his caller. Patton Ware went back to the studio and sat with his dead. When it was all over he wrapped the portrait and left it at a photograph gallery.

A week later Ford Harvey lay back in his steamer chair on the Kaiser Wilhelm and watched the woman beside him. Her eyes were half closed and she smiled at him through her sloping lashes. The hood of her cape could not quite conceal the elaborate coiffure, nor was it intended to do so. He was thinking how artistically she was gotten up, but she saw glimpses of the gowns that he should buy her in Paris. A boy passed with some papers. Ford Harvey held out his hand indifferently. He gave a part of the paper to the woman and opened the rest out before him. From the front page this headline greeted him:

RUMOR SAYS LISA WARE
ENDED LIFE FOR NOTED
LEADER OF N. Y. SOCIETY.

Underneath was a poor half-tone taken from a photograph of her portrait. Drops of perspiration stood out on his forehead.

"My God, I didn't think she'd do it!" he said aloud.

"Do what?" she asked, snatching the paper from him.

She understood when she saw, but asked no questions. She went white about the lips, though not because she cared for the dead girl.

"Would you kill yourself for me, Avis?" he asked.

"No, but perhaps I'll make you shoot your heart out for me," she answered lightly.

She would not trust him to his thoughts after that, and Avis Bradly could be diverting when she wished.

At dinner he fingered idly with his napkin and found pasted in the corner a tiny picture of a woman. Avis felt his uneasiness. He looked at his watch nervously and the same eyes smiled at him from the cover. Annoyed, he ceased to listen to the pretty woman at his side. With the coffee, a miniature picture of a woman pasted on his saucer under his cup made him hurry from the table red faced, the blonde woman following him alarmed. Roughly he ordered her to her stateroom and paced the deck with a deep scowl on his brow.

When he went down she was asleep, and replacing her picture in a silver frame on the table was another photograph and the eyes smiled.

On the deck again, he ran into a man that he knew slightly. It was Perreau. Ford Harvey shook hands with the detective and offered him a cigar which he did not take. For a time they talked aimlessly.

"Perreau," said Harvey at last, "you are probably on a vacation, but would you undertake to clear up a small matter for me?"

Perreau expressed himself reluctant.

"But you would be interested, I think, and it will tax your ingenuity very little."

The detective said that he would be any service he could to Mr. Harvey.

"I have been annoyed in a curious way," Harvey began. "Some one who must think it a joke, puts a woman's picture in my way at every turn. I want to find out who does it so that the thing can be stopped. It is outrageous."

"Do you know the original of the picture?" Perreau asked seriously. Harvey reddened. "But you must be frank with me, Mr. Harvey, if you want my help. Where did you know her and under what circumstances?"

Harvey stuttered. "She killed herself last week and warned me that she intended to do it. That is why these pictures make me squirm."

"I see," said the detective. "It is outrageous."

Ford Harvey mopped his brow in relief and a folded paper fell from his handkerchief. The detective smoothed it out.

"I presume this is the lady?" he asked.

"Yes," said Ford Harvey very seriously.

"Let me ask you some questions," said the detective. "Are you married to Mrs. Harvey?"

Harvey winked. "She is using my name."

"Had the woman of the portrait any relatives?"

"I really don't think she ever spoke of any," said Harvey.

"That makes it more difficult. You are not a Spiritualist?"

"I should say not," denied Harvey scornfully.

"From what you tell me, I can offer you two suggestions as to a possible solution. Either Mrs. Harvey is for some reason annoying you in this way, or there is a psychical agent. Accept either solution that you think best."

Harvey looked wild. "Perhaps it is as you say. I shall watch Avis; and you, too, keep an eye on her."

The rest of the voyage was not agreeable for Ford Harvey or the blond woman. As soon as she was able to go on deck he neglected her, though always he watched her, and this made her uneasy. She did not seem able to grasp the situation. She laughed louder, did her hair more elaborately, and put more rouge on her face. One day he caught her staring intently at one of the increasing deluge of pictures. They had gotten on her nerves, too, besides making her jealous of the dead girl. There was a sharp quarrel, in which the woman was vio'ent and their ways parted. For a time the pictures stopped and his eyes looked less like a hunted rabbit's.

In Paris they began again. Every mail brought him postcards which were copies of her picture. He fled terrified, the pictures pursuing him all over Europe. In the heart of the Black Forest a woman suddenly crossed the road. He thought her strangely like Lisa. In the most obscure inns he stopped Lisa's face was at the top of menu cards. In Rome he met Perreau again. Together they visited cathedrals. Beggars offered to sell him Lisa's pictures. Cigarette venders sold him boxes from which she smiled. He was no longer his old complacent self, and his hair was quite white now. When she looked down at him pityingly from a wayside shrine one afternoon he was almost at bay.

He sailed for America. On the boat home he kept to his cabin, and with Perreau poured over volumes of oriental mysticism. With a medium on board he arranged a seance. The cabin was darkened and the medium bound. Harvey lay like a dead man. The words came muttered and then the message rang out:

"Your suffering is not greater than mine. Go to North mountain, October 21, and my last word shall be spoken."

The man drew a long breath and the medium left in a dazed condition.

One beautiful afternoon in October some tourists on the road below watched a lonely traveler wind his dizzy way around the mountain pass far above them.

When he achieved the summit he felt exultant. He lay there and waited for what he had come this long tired way. The little clouds that were capering about him and below meant nothing to him. The serene blue of the sky was lost to him and he did not even look into the hazy peaks off beyond.

While he was on the mountain top he prayed. "All powerful," he said, "I have been wicked. I have laughed. But I laugh no more."

Then he buried his head in his arms and cried. When he looked up there was a faint glow over the farthest peak where the sun had set. And the night was near. He sat and wearily waited for the darkness to come, but the terror of his last days had vanished. He was unafraid.

Then from out of the blackness, across the chasm flashed out in fire Lisa's piteous, pitiful face. The man's white face was transfigured.

"Lisa, beautiful soul," he cried and fell across the rocks.

Patton Ware had listened to Perreau's story and they had been silent a long time.

"Are you satisfied?" Perreau asked.

"We've failed, hideously failed," broke out Ware. "Why, man, we've saved his soul."

"That," said Andre Perreau calmly, "was what Lisa expected us to do."

All He Knew.

W. D. Mahon of the Amalgamated Association of Street Railway employes, desired to instance, in his office in this city, the necessity for intelligence in all railway work.

"A friend of mine," he said, "traveling in India, saw a native tester, at Marwar Junction, passing from carriage to carriage in the usual manner, tapping each wheel with a hammer.

"Knowing that this man only got about six cents a day, and that therefore he was liable to do the simplest job unintelligently, my friend said to him:

"'What are you tapping the wheels like that for?'

"'It is my orders,' said the native.

"'But what's the use of it?' my friend persisted.

"'Heaven alone knows,' said the native, with a gentle shrug. 'I have been doing it, though, for 18 years. It is the order of authority.'"

Nature's Limit.

Beyond his power the bravest cannot fight.—Homer.

Psyche Coiffure

By JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

The beautiful hair dress shown here has made a veritable sensation, and it is a pleasure to reproduce it for our readers. Without the small pleasing little skeleton cap shown in the picture, it retains all the fascination of the Psyche coiffure, and is thoroughly practical for present millinery modes.

The hairdresser has taken certain small liberties with her classic model in order to accommodate the coiffure to the hat and brow of the wearer, and they have turned out to be an improvement, since they enhance the beauty of both the face and hat. The head dress, shown in our photograph, was adapted specially to this coiffure and leaves nothing to be desired.

It may be said in passing that the head dress shown is made of gold ribbon and rhinestone ornaments set in gold. The aigrette at the side is pure white. Every one will see at a glance its simplicity of construction, and appreciate the beauty of this coiffure ornament. The foundation on which it is fashioned is simply buckram cut in narrow bands and wired before covering with ribbon.

It does not require an abundance of natural hair to build this style of coiffure. The hair, however, must be waved before it is dressed. The regular ondulations of the Marcel wave may be used, but are not absolutely essential. The hair is parted off in the usual manner, and that portion about the face and neck waved in loose, irregular curves. All the remainder of the hair (much or little) is tied at the back of the head and arranged in a coil. This forms the foundation for the balance of the coiffure.

If the hair is thick and heavy it will not be necessary to use a roll at all. The hair at each side in this case is simply "ratted," that is, combed toward the scalp instead of from it, and then lightly smoothed with the comb on the outside. It is then brought back to the coil, pinned to it, and the ends fastened under it. A small portion of the waved hair on top of the head is treated in the same way and brought back lying loosely over the top, with its end fastened under the coil. The hair across the forehead is arranged in a loose pompadour, the ends lightly twisted, and brought back to the coil if long enough to reach. If not, they are concealed under that portion on top of the head which has already been fastened into the coil. This pompadour is then pulled forward and down over the brow and parted lightly with the fingers, a little to one side. Invisible pins, fasten it to place, and it is worn more or less over the brow to suit the individual taste in this matter.

A very full cluster of false puffs is placed over and around the coil, where they are firmly pinned to place. A barette is adjusted under them, supporting the short locks at the nape of the neck, which usually prove so refractory. Finishing touches are given by pulling the side hair against the puffs and pinning it to them with invisible pins and curling any short locks which may straggle about the nape of the neck into little rings. These are held in place with the fluid which hairdressers use for that purpose.

The natural hair, unless very curly, will not make satisfactory curls and puffs, and even when one possesses the requisite quantity of naturally curly hair it is much more difficult to manage than the false hair. Moreover, it will not stay well dressed as long and consumes far more time in doing, so that it is economy to buy puffs and curls. Of all things, however, one should get a perfect match in color and texture to one's own hair.

When the natural hair is very thin it will be necessary to use additional hair across the front of the head, for the hair dress just described. Several styles are made in front pieces that will fill all the requirements, and when combed in with the natural hair are not to be detected. In adjusting the hat to this coiffure a portion of the hair about the face should be pinned to the underbrim or facing of the hat.

FIT INTO A DRESSING CASE

Umbrellas Now Made So They Fold—Great Convenience for the Traveler.

Umbrellas which can be folded to fit into a 24-inch dressing case are the only type which now appeal to the college girl who does not like to be burdened with more than one package when traveling. These folding umbrellas come in black, tan, taupe, dark red, blue, brown and green twilled silk, mounted upon steel frames and usually have wooden handles. Among the newest umbrella handles is one of flattened top, shaped somewhat like a huge button and about two and one-half inches across. Other wooden handles are carved to represent the heads of cats, dogs, owls and butterflies. They are usually of natural colored oak, ebony or mahogany, but occasionally one is stained to match the silk covering of its frame. Very smart umbrellas which particularly appeal to girls of artistic as well as extravagant tastes have satin finished white wood handles, with tops of onyx, jade or carved dull red quartz. They are decorated with narrow ribbon bows or with tasseled loops through which the wrist may be thrust.

Nursery in Theater.

A nursery for the children of patrons is connected with a Glasgow (Scotland) theater.

BEST BAG FOR THE BROOM

Should Be Made to Fit, with an Opening at the Side—Good Ticking Bag.

The broom bag may be made a more satisfactory thing than the cloth that slips off in mid-air if it is made to fit the broom, and, furthermore, if it be opened at the side. The thing I have in mind is an oblong square bag of outing flannel from which the two lower corners have been cut, leaving it somewhat octagonal in shape. The small remaining bottom of the bag is made into a faced opening, and when the broom handle is slipped through the long, open side of the bag and dropped through the end opening the broom straws will be held securely.

A ticking bag for clothes-pins has fastened to its upper end two wire hooks to hang it to a clothes-line. The end is first stiffened with wire, and there is no opening for the clothespins except a round hole cut in the center of one side. A facing round the circular hole forms a casing for another wire to keep the opening in shape.

Countless household bags are not to be scorned, but these two are particularly useful shapes.

Dinner Partners.

A novel plan for pairing off girls and men at dinner parties, one which takes the responsibility of this feat off the hostess and is often productive of interesting or amusing results, is in the form of a game, which is concerned with likenesses of taste. The hostess makes out a list of modern novelists, for instance. Each name she prints twice on separate slips of paper. Each set of slips is dropped into a hat or on a tray and passed among the girls and men respectively. The different members of the party pick out their favorite writer, and the man and woman who agree in this selection are partners for dinner. Musicians, artists, famous paintings, poems and various other persons or things may be utilized in this way. This method often gives rise to considerable interesting conversation, particularly where there are one or more strangers in the party.

WEST TO BE HEARD

HENCEFORTH WILL TAKE PROPER PLACE IN POLITICS.

Most Intensely National Section of the Country Means to Have Position Commensurate to Its Worth.

The great west has changed its political mood. It is a proud domain. In fact, it has the name of being somewhat boastful. It is happy in its vast material possessions. It has a just pride in its rapid development—its great farms and ranches, its enormous crops and herds, its growing cities, its wealth, its standards of living. It is not afraid to compare its state and municipal governments with those of other sections. It envies no other section, no other country. Its view is broad and intelligent.

Yet this great productive, potential region, growing in material wealth and in commercial and industrial power, the granary of the nation and the reliance of the world for bread, has held a subservient position in national politics.

The Democracy of the south dominates the Democracy of the west. The Republicanism of the east dominates the Republicanism of the west. The country has just witnessed the remarkable spectacle of a majority of western congressmen and senators following the lead of New England, more particularly the dictation of Aldrich of Rhode Island, on roll call after roll call in the tariff session of congress, and in defiance not only of the national platform of the Republican party, but of a tariff plank that the west forced into that platform and also in defiance of the position and pledges of a president whose nomination was compelled by the west.

The nomination and election of President Taft was a western achievement, and it was an achievement based on the avowed tariff reform policies of the president. In no other presidential contest did the west play such a potential part. If this victory had been followed by absolute loyalty on the part of all western representatives in congress, the rightful result of that nomination and election would have been accomplished. That result would not have been the substitution of a new sectional tariff for an old sectional tariff, but a nationalization of the tariff. The west is not seeking to secure any advantage over any other section of the country, but to secure its own, and to relieve the people of all sections of the gross, immoral and burdensome abuses that have grown out of the tariff system.

For the present the great west has a program of its own. It is going to do some house cleaning. It has demonstrated that its people can make themselves heard in party nominations and national elections. Now it is going to demonstrate that it can secure consistent obedience and representation at the hands of its congressmen and senators. It is not going to consent longer to the control of national legislation from the little state of Rhode Island.—Kansas City Star.

War on "Hog Combine."

The "progressives" in the Republican party have the full support of their constituents for the course which they pursued in the tariff debate. Senator Cummins' return to Iowa partook of the nature of a triumphal progress. In fact, the war against Aldrich and Cannon has only just begun, and it gains force and impetus all along the line. If this should involve certain aspects of sectionalism, the reply is that this is compelled as a defense against the greed of the New England "hog combine." New England has in the present congress six senators and 28 representatives, and they act together as a unit, not only on the tariff, but on all other important issues. Their influence has been exerted almost invariably with the reactionaries, and they have fulfilled the function of a congressional "flying wedge." But the center of population is shifting, and after the coming census the relative power of the "hog combine" will be sensibly weakened.—San Francisco Call.

Taft Stands with Aldrich.

People of the west no longer are left in doubt where President Taft stands on the tariff question. His attitude is that of Nelson W. Aldrich of the Massachusetts mill owner, and of the trust millionaires who have piled up huge fortunes through iniquitous taxation of the necessities of their fellow men.

"The tariff bill is the best the Republican party has ever passed," declares President Taft. In addition he tacitly scores Republican senators and congressmen who voted against the bill and asserts that further revision of the tariff at this time is not to be thought of.

Plainly Class Legislation.

The Aldrich tariff law, declared by Republican leaders in congress to have redeemed pledges made to the people in 1908, is deceiving no one. Were every other evidence wanting of its being class legislation, the resolutions of congratulation being passed by special interests in convention all over the country would be sufficient to put the people wise. These resolutions, both congratulatory and commendatory, leave no doubt whatever that special interests have obtained from congress the legislation demanded by them, for further promoting their exploitation of the consumer. If special interests have secured what they want, Republican pledges to the people have not been redeemed.

Country Not Likely to Wait.

President Taft surely is right in saying that it would be in vain to try for another revision of the tariff during the existence of the Sixty-first congress, but the country is not going to wait three years before taking up that subject again. It will come up like the rushing of a mighty torrent in the elections of 1910.

FOR MR. TAFT TO EXPLAIN

President Admits That Wool Interests Dominate Party, but Why Is It Thus?

Mr. Taft has made it clear that the wool men had the votes in congress to defeat the Payne-Aldrich bill. He made it equally clear that they would have defeated the "bill reported from either committee" if the wool schedule had been changed or lowered. He has admitted that it was better to pass a bill which did not meet his interpretation of the platform pledge and was, in effect, a repudiation of the platform promises, than to have refused to let the wool men have their way.

Where did the wool men get such a grip on the Republican party? How did they gain such a hold that failure to accede to their will would have defeated the party program in its entirety? Obviously the majority of representatives and senators were more loyal to the wool interests than to the party. No other interpretation of the president's language is possible. It was plainly wool first and the platform afterwards.

It is probable Mr. Taft will make other speeches in which he will elucidate other mysteries of tariff legislation. He should not fail to explain this one to an anxious people who have heard from him that party solidarity is more important than the inhibitions of consciences. He must explain how it was that the wool interests were cocksure that the wool schedule would not be touched. He must explain their settlement of the schedule before the Republican convention.

Laborer's Choice of Meats.

Even if Secretary Wilson does say that the average laborer of to-day is living better than Queen Elizabeth lived in her day, what of it? The assertion is only partly true, at the best, and as a representation of the financial and social advantages of the laborer in this day—which is the day in which the laborer is living—it is entirely fallacious and misleading. If Queen Elizabeth were living to-day, she would not be living as the laborer of to-day lives, and that is the important thing. Mr. Wilson goes on to say that most of the laborers in Washington—and incidentally all over the east—eat meat three times a day, are not content with any but the best cuts, and can afford them. If the secretary will walk through the markets of Washington he will discover that the inferior cuts, so-called, are displayed in great abundance. Who buys them? Somebody; or the traders would not have them for sale. Hardly the residents of Dupont circle, and only to a limited extent the steward of the New Willard hotel. Perhaps the secretary of the agricultural department and the forces under his command; but we suspect that he would find laborers of Washington purchasing largely of the relatively cheap cuts. So everywhere. The laborers, in spite of the honorable secretary of agriculture, cannot afford to buy the expensive meats and eat them three times a day. Why should he inflict such nonsense on the people?—New Bedford Standard.

Thirteenth-Hour Defenders.

"Tariff revision upward" is a foolish phrase. "Tariff revision downward" is hardly less of an absurdity, though it was forced into use by the rascally behavior of congress in reversing the purpose of the special session.

Nobody on earth thought of the possibility of adding "upward" to the "revision" that was promised in the Republican platform. Even the fattened manufacturers, who hoped to evade just revision in the general overhaul, never suspected that revision meant addition.

No man who defends the Payne-Aldrich atrocity now would have dared, in the Taft campaign, to say that revising the tariff might result in slightly augmenting the tariff tax; or even that it might result in so small an alteration, either way, that "experts" could wrangle over whether a fractional general reduction or a fractional general advance was accomplished.

No man who did not say it then has a right to respectful attention if he says it now.

Wages and the Tariff.

The false pretense that the monopoly tariff in this country is maintained in order that the American workingman may be better paid than the "pauper" laborer of Europe is discredited by the fact that in free trade England wages are higher and cost of living lower than in any other country of Europe.

The protected American manufacturer pays his operatives no more than the labor market compels him to pay. And in proportion as the money wage in this country is higher than in Europe the tariff increases the cost of everything that the American workingman must buy. The tariff with one hand takes from the American workingman everything it gives him with the other.

Issue Made Clear.

From the time when Candidate Taft first assured the people tht he would carry out to the letter the pledge of his party platform for revision downward, the Journal has warned its readers that this promis could not be depended on. It pointed out the close Taft association with the very interests that an unjust tariff nurtures and protects, and predicted that in the final alignment he would be guided by the dictation of Aldrich.

President Taft's Winona speech is the literal fulfillment of this prediction. In language that cannot be misunderstood the president announces that he stands upon the Aldrich-Taft bill as a sufficient answer to the demand of the people and his party platform. Morsover, he openly declares that if the people seek further relief they can obtain it only through the Democratic party.

At least thi smakes the issue clear. The west is given to choose between continuing to pay tribute to eastern greed and electing a Democratic congress that tariff robbers can neither control nor intimidate.—Chicago Journal.

WAS IN NO HURRY TO LEAVE

Prisoner Put Coming Gastronomic Joy Ahead of a Brief Period of Liberty.

A colored man from Georgia had lived in Washington but a few years when he was arrested for some slight violation of the city ordinances. Upon hearing that the negro was in jail, the secretary of the colored Y. M. C. A. secured the services of a minister to go with him and sign the prisoner's bail bond. They reached the jail shortly before noon, and told the negro the object of their visit. In response to the proffered kindness he said:

"Mistah Johnsing, I sho is glad you-all is gwine to git me out, but I wants you-all to fix it so I can't git out till late dis evenin'."

Of course the two Samaritans were somewhat taken aback by this unusual request. But a moment later they lost their breath when, in answer to the secretary's question, the Georgia negro replied in a whisper:

"Well, sah, dey's a-gittin' dinnah ready, an' dey's cookin' greens; an' I sho would like to git some o' dem greens befo' I leabes dis place!"—Lippincott's.

Is Poor Consolation.

"Yes, it must be a terrible thing to go through life without your limb. But you must remember it will be restored to you in the next world."

"I know it will, mum, but dat don't encourage me, for it was cut off when I was a baby, an' it won't come within a couple of foot of de ground w'en it's restored."

Cause of Discord.

She—So they do live happily together, you say?

He—No. It's the eternal struggle between religion and society. He is as straight-backed as she is straight-front.—Life.

A girl never feels more important than when she is getting married, and a man never looks more inconspicuous.

The secret of success in life is for a man to be ready for his opportunity when it comes.—Disraeli.

Don't get rusty and you won't squeak.